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LINES

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN THOMAS WALLER ESQ. OF CASTLETOWN.

Sorrow to him, who with a tearless eye
 Can tell of friendship's death-dissevered tie ;
 Can, with firm hand, retouch each fading line
 O'er which affection loves to bend and pine ;
 Or, with the limner's skill, restore a form
 Defaced by death and mouldering with the worm.
 Lamented Waller ! man ne'er dropt a tear
 Truer than that which consecrates thy bier ;
 When, stooping o'er thy grave, he feels how all
 That worth he prized hath fled beyond recall :
 The brow of open thought, and inborn sense ;
 The ingenuous eye, whose glance was eloquence ;
 The heart, round which the kindest feelings clung,
 And, herald of that heart, the blameless tongue ;
 The liberal hand, which dealt in just degree
 The unobtrusive boon of charity ;
 All lost in undistinguishable gloom !
 Closed with past ages in one common tomb !
 Thus fades, commingling with its parent earth,
 The perishable part of human worth—
 But that unearthly essence, which descends
 From a diviner source, for holier ends,
 Th' immortal soul, to that, perhaps, 'tis given
 Still to preserve some human thoughts in heaven ;
 To cherish, even at the throne of God,
 Some fond remembrance of its first abode.
 Oh, then, return to bless our nightly trance,
 Smile on our dreams with thy meek countenance,
 O'er those lost ties, that mourn thine ashes, bend,
 The lonely father—nor forget the friend !
 But all regrets are vain ! the shaft hath sped,
 Sure was the aim, and thou art with the dead !
 Thy pains are passed away, thy soul is free,
 And quaffs the air of immortality :
 With saints and angels ever doomed to dwell,
 Who should lament thy fate ? blest spirit, fare thee well !
A. de V.

THE PRAYER OF MOSES, ON THE REBELLION OF ISRAEL.

Awaken, arise, thou hast slumbered too long,
 Thy thunder is mighty—thy vengeance is strong ;
 They laugh at thy wisdom, they heed not thy might—
 They scorn the bestower, yet bask in his light.
 How long wilt thou leave me deserted ? Come down
 On the wings of thine anger, and slay with thy frown ;
 For the wicked wax strong as a fathomless flood,
 And toss on their billows the barque of the good.
 Approach, and dry up in the terrible glow
 Of thy might, and thy glory, the flood of the foe :
 Extend o'er the dark-rolling waters thy wand,
 While the light of thy brow shall illumine the land.
 Awaken, avenger ! descend in thine ire :
 The whirlwinds thy horses—thy chariot of fire—
 Breathe forth on the wicked the doom of thy breath,
 But gaze on the proud one, and look him to death !

INTERCESSION.

Return, oh ! return ! for the ether is hot,
 And earth to her centre thy presence hath caught ;
 And their vision is blinded, their hearts are opprest
 With the weight of thy glory—oh ! leave them to rest !
A. T. de V.